

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."— *Cooper*.

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Our Dumb Animals.

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OFFICE OF THE SOCIETY:

186 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Outline of a Discourse,

By REV. DR. R. FRAZER, FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BUFFALO.

[This is one of the series of discourses which the clergymen of Buffalo have agreed to deliver this year in the interest of the Women's Branch P. C. A.]

"But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee."—Job xii. 7.

In introducing his topic, the reverend gentleman referred to the profound platitudes which the associates of Job had asserted, and for which Job rebuked them in the words of the text. He said the laborer was worthy of his hire, and the teacher is as much a laborer as a toiler; and the beast is both a toiler and a teacher.

This is the law of religious and social intercourse. The beast not only works for man's benefit, but teaches him fidelity in that he is true to his nature and his mission; and lessons of foresight and wisdom in abundance prove what he makes for his needs. Regarding animals as laborers,

they are worthy of their hire; and the lowest pay we can give them is to treat them kindly. But in a different sense from that in which the apostle uses the words, we can say the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain; and groaneth because of man's cruelty to the creature. It is necessary, he said, to define what we mean by cruelty. Although all cruelty involves suffering, all suffering does not necessarily involve cruelty. The surgeon gives pain in setting a broken arm or limb; but hurts to help, whereas, if he protracted the pain unnecessarily and needlessly, then suffering becomes a cruelty. That is, cruelty is causing unnecessary suffering. It is not cruel to slaughter animals for food, because God has made man carnivorous. But to expose them to the horrors of a crowded and starving transit across the continent, and to slaughter them by slow processes so that man may live more luxuriously; and to torture them to illustrate well understood processes, here the suffering becomes cruel. Yet it is to the credit of humanity that most of the suffering entailed on them is through thoughtlessness rather than brutality. And this thoughtlessness is part of the Creator's designs; for if man's faculties were microscopic, either his life would become unendurable, or he would become the most abandoned and degraded of all creatures. If he could see the element of life in all he uses to sustain life, his living would become burdensome. Or if he ignored the appeals made by his sensibilities, and ruthlessly destroyed this abundant life, then he would be degraded, since an emotion disregarded inevitably hardens.

The design of the ladies' society for the prevention of cruelty to animals is to measurably check this thoughtlessness by the dissemination of truth from the pulpit, press and pamphlet, and to restrain vicious ones by the visitation of a penalty. In order to carry on this work they need funds. The pecuniary status of this society being crippled by the prosperity and success of its work, the income from fines is decreasing rapidly. Hence its appeal to the benevolent; and we should help them because theirs is a work for humanity. Nothing is more brutal than to tyrannize over those who are weak and dependent on us; and nothing ennobles more surely than to protect the powerless. We therefore elevate these men, just in proportion as we teach them to treat their beasts well.

We should help the society, because theirs is God's work. He cares for the cattle upon a thou-

sand hills, as well as for man. God's mercies extend over all his works. If we would be God-like we must be merciful; and inspiration declares the merciful man regardeth the life his beast.—*Buffalo Courier*.

A Remarkable Bird Anecdote.

"The myriads of sparrows that nestle in the ivy, which clings to, and almost entirely covers the walls of Christ Church, occasionally display a surprising amount of intelligence in their little acts of kindness to each other. From a tree located about opposite to Northrop's in Church Street, a sick or crippled sparrow recently fell to the ground and fluttered about the sidewalk in vain efforts to regain a place of safety. Several of its little companions gathered around it, and seemed greatly concerned for it, and by their incessant chirping attracted a swarm of the little-winged converts from the church walls. Efforts were then made by several of the number to lift the helpless bird by catching its wings in their beaks, but there seemed to be a difficulty in getting started together, and the effort was futile, and then the chattering increased perceptibly, as if there was a general scolding going on. Presently several of the birds flew away, one shortly returning with a twig about four inches long and an eighth of an inch thick. This was dropped before the sick one, and each end was picked up by a sparrow and held up so that the sick bird was enabled to catch the centre of the twig in its beak, and with the aid of the other two it flew over the fence into the churchyard, and from tombstone to tombstone until the church was reached, when they disappeared in the ivy, followed all along by the swarm of their companions, chirping as if in great joy. The whole affair was viewed by several spectators."—*New Brunswick (N. J.) Times*.

Faithful Gray.

When the epizootic prevailed, the two splendid grays, belonging to one of the fire steamers, were attacked with the disease.

One died immediately; and in spite of all the care and nursing that the fireman lavished on their pet, it was evident the other would soon follow. He sank lower and lower, and it seemed as if he had almost drawn its last breath, when the fire alarm sounded. The gallant creature started, opened his eyes, made a desperate effort to rise to his feet, and take his wonted place before the engine, and fell back dead.—*Child's World*.

Our Dumb Animals.

Devotion of Animals at the Montpelier Fire.

While the Scribner house was burning, a large dog owned by Gilman D. Scribner, of which his wife had been particularly fond, refused to leave the building unless accompanied by Mrs. Scribner. While Mr. Scribner was busily engaged in removing goods, his wife remained in the house for the purpose of packing the same, so as to render them easy of transportation. Several times they endeavored to coax the dog to a place of safety, but without avail. As the fire increased in volume, and approached this spot, the anxiety of the dog for the safety of his mistress became more noticeable. He would go to the door, take a look at the impending danger, then go back, and catching Mrs. Scribner by the dress with his teeth, seem to piteously entreat her to go with him.

At last she was compelled to leave the house, and the dog, catching hold of her dress, gently led the way to Berlin side, urging his charge along whenever she chanced to stop for any purpose. On that side of the river he felt that safety was to be found, and as soon as his mistress had crossed the bridge her dress was released, the animal showing by every demonstration in his power the joy which he felt over the safety of his mistress. Throughout the entire conflagration the dog continually hovered about Mrs. Scribner, watching her every moment intently, and only resting when the last of the danger had passed.

At the barn of Carl L. Smith was witnessed a spectacle of parental devotion which could not be excelled, and but rarely equalled on the part of human beings. A cat and three kittens were in the barn, and at the near approach of the flames the old cat made an attempt to save her young. Taking them in her mouth, one at a time, she succeeded in removing two of them to a place of safety, but by the time she had returned for the last, the barn was completely enveloped in flames, and no entrance remained whereby she could reach and succor her remaining kitten. Every point was tried, but without avail. The flames had closed all avenues of approach, and in her desperation the animal at last forced her way through the fiery barrier which separated her from the object of her affections. How she ever got back alive is a mystery, but she did, and after the fire had been subdued she was found near the ruins of the barn, suffering terribly from the burns she had received—both ears being burned to a crisp, the fur entirely scorched from her body, and her feet so badly burned that she could not move.—*Argus and Patriot.*

Use, not Abuse.

Do you think that man could not contrive some way by which the animals could be made useful to him without outraging their natural affections.

Why, if a man should give no deeper thought to the subject than was required for the improvement of a sewing-machine, the way would soon be clear of all obstacles.

After all, if this could not be done, we have no right to the animals at all. I know that it was once supposed the earth and all it contained was made especially for man. But science has discovered that there are millions of creatures who enjoy life on this earth without the least reference to man. A very meagre living man would get, both in regard to food and labor, without animals. If, then, they are so necessary to our comfort and happiness, why not take particular cognizance of theirs?

MR. HENRY BERGH, president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has addressed a circular letter to the proprietors of the various slaughter-houses in New York City, appealing to them to modify their present mode of slaughtering animals close to and in sight of one another, and recommending the erection of a canvas screen between the slaughter beams and the animal's pens.

WHICH is the mother of the chick, the hen that lays the egg, or the one that hatches the chick

Mercy.

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near thou then in being merciful:
Sweet Mercy is Nobility's true badge.—*Shakespeare.*

The quality of Mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
—*Shakespeare.*

How would you be
If He, which is the top of Judgment, should
But judge you as you are? Oh, think on that!
And Mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.—*Shakespeare.*

And the poor beasts
That drag the dull companion to and fro,
Their sleepless charge, dependent on thy care,—
Ah! treat them kindly, rude as thou appear'st,
Yet show that thou hast mercy which the great,
With needless hurry whirled from place to place,
Humane as they would seem, not always show.
—*Cooper.*

Ye, therefore, who have mercy, teach your sons
To love it. The spring-time of our years
Is soon dishonor'd and defiled in most
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But, alas! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrained, into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty, most devilish of them all.
Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule,
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which Heaven moves in pardoning guilty men;
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it in his turn.—*Cooper.*

A Bird tried to imitate Jenny Lind.

From "Lotos-Eating," by GEO. WM. CURTIS.

"Have you heard Jenny Lind, sir?" inquired my Antinous of the stables.

"Yes, often."

"Great woman, sir. Don't you think so?"

"I do."

"She was here last week, sir.—Get-up, Charlie!"

"Did you hear her?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, and I drove with her to the Falls,—that is, Tom Higgins drove, but I sat on the box."

"And was she pleased?"

"Yes, sir; only when she was going to see the Falls, everybody in the hotel ran to the door to look at her, so she went back to her room, and then slipped out of the back door. But there was something better than that, sir."

"What was that?"

"She gave Tom Higgins fifty dollars when he drove her back. But there was something still better than that, sir."

"Indeed! what was that?"

"Why, sir, as we came back we passed a little wood, and she stopped the carriage and stepped out with the rest of the party, and me and Tom Higgins, and went into the wood. It was towards sunset and the wood was beautiful. She walked about a little, and picked up flowers, and sung, like to herself, as if it were pleasant. By and by she sat down upon a rock and began to sing aloud. But before she stopped a little bird came and sat upon the bough close by us. I saw it, sir, with my own eyes, the whole of it,—and when Jenny Lind had done, he began to sing and shout away like she did. While he was singing she looked delighted, and when he stopped she sang again and—oh! it was beautiful, sir. But the little bird wouldn't give it up, and he sang again, but not until she had done. Then Jenny Lind sang as well as ever she could. Her voice seemed to fill the woods all up with music, and when it was over the little bird was still for a while, but tried it again in a few moments. He couldn't do it, sir. He sang very bad, and then the foreign gentleman with Jenny Lind laughed, and they all came back to the carriage."

Sing When the Battle Rages.

At the time of the battle of Gettysburg, the cemetery had growing in it some peach-trees, and in them sparrows, or other little singing-birds, had made their nests. On the third day, when that charge—of all charges the most hideous and terrible—was to be made, it was preceded by an hour of such bombardment as was never known before, nor since, on this continent. There was a hail of iron on both sides; and the hills and valleys were searched away beyond. Three or four hundred guns opened their throats at a time. But the moment there was a lull, where some men had laid down and hid themselves, up sprang the birds into the trees where their nests were, and began to sing. In one of the pauses the sweet carol of birds was heard. They could sing in the midst of the rush of battle and a horrible bewilderment such as never befell their little lives before.

How is it with you? Are you not even as much as a bird? Can not you do what these least endowed creatures could do? Are you one that when the battle rages runs away, abandons the nest, and will not sing?

A Strange Pet.

A French journalist met with a strange pet the other day, when paying a visit. While he was talking he noticed something moving on the carpet which was neither dog nor cat. On looking again he saw that it was a fine lobster, dark gray, spotted with red, and thought that it must have escaped from the kitchen. The lady of the house smiled, and said, "I must tell you the history of my pet. Some months ago I bought a lobster, and as it was not wanted for dinner, my cook left it in the water in the kitchen. I was going to a ball that night, and being ready, I sat in an easy-chair and fell fast asleep. Suddenly I sprang up from the pain of a sharp bite in my foot, and I saw the lobster biting it. I started up and ran to the kitchen. No one was there, and a cloth in front of the fire had caught fire. It was soon extinguished, but I have kept the lobster ever since, out of gratitude." It has its basin of cold water, and seems to recognize its mistress, and is so fond of music that it is always drawn towards the piano whenever she plays.

CERTAIN animals possess the power of changing their color at will, or according to the circumstances in which they are placed. This is convincingly shown in some recent experiments made by Mr. Pouchet, a French investigator. He chose as his subject the *Palæmon serratus*, a species of a prawn or crab. These prawns, when brought ashore by the fisherman, have a rose or dark lily color; but if they are put into porcelain vessels with black or white bottoms they will assume colors wholly unlike. Those in the white dish become yellowish, almost colorless, as if they had just shed their skin; those in the dark-colored dish assume a brownish red hue. If they are changed, the pale into the black vessel, and vice versa, they again alter their color in correspondence with their surroundings. The change of a pale one to a dark tint was more rapid than the reverse. Thus, under favorable circumstances, a yellow, red or blue *Palæmon* can be created.

Cruelty to Sheep.

At the Stratford Petty Sessions on Wednesday, a number of farmers were charged, at the instance of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, with torturing certain sheep, by exposing them in the open market after they had been deprived of their fleeces. All the defendants admitted the charge. The Chairman said that as these were the first cases of the kind that had been brought forward, he should not impose so heavy a penalty as would be inflicted for any future offence. Defendants would each be fined £3 and costs, or in default, fourteen days hard labor.—*Leeds Mercury.*

PEACE hath her victories
No less renowned than war.—*Milton.*

[Communicated.]

English Sparrows.

These are among the most useful agents for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, on account of the services they render to mankind in making trees in our cities ornamental, which, before they came here, were nuisances; and also for the feelings of sympathy they create both in children and older people. Their necessities in winter have caused a large unorganized society for the aid of this class of emigrants to be formed, who have been led to consider the wants of these creatures in the winter, and the care for them will naturally tend to arouse thoughtfulness for other creatures needing kind treatment.

[Original.]

A Dog's Discrimination.

I was once a frequent visitor in a physician's family where there was a watch-dog who had grown old in their service. Whenever I took tea with them, he would linger near my chair, ready to accept any favors. He was especially fond of cake, which he would eat freely from my hand, though he would not touch it if offered by any member of the family. On asking the reason of this partiality, I found that during a fit of sickness, not long before, they had frequently given him his medicine in the form of pills, concealed in a morsel of cake. As one after another of the household administered this dose, he conceived a seated mistrust of them all, and would accept no dainties from them. His faith in mankind, in general, had not been shaken however, and he would unhesitatingly eat from the hand of a stranger. It was, I think, an unusual instance of intelligent discrimination.

[Original.]

The Canary Nurse.

Many a soldier will remember the Balfour Hospital at Portsmouth, Va. To cheer the sick and wounded men, those just able to creep about the house, a convalescent's room was fitted up by a sweet, good woman who, too feeble for active nursing, gave her whole time and thought to arranging books, pictures and flowers to create an atmosphere of home and to lighten the hours, that would otherwise pass so wearily away.

A little sweet-voiced canary placed on the window-seat was the pet of the men. To clean his cage and feed him, helped to while away many a dreary hour. One day, hearing a loud chirping, a little wounded bird was found lying on the window ledge. Placing the stranger in the canary's cage the result was watched, and to the amazement of all, instead of pecking at the stranger, the canary seemed to know he must nurse and feed it. Carefully hulling the seed, he fed the sick bird every day until it was well enough to fly away. The little invalid must have told the story of his tender nursing to his companions, for soon came another disabled bird. He, too, was placed in the cage, when, strange to tell, the parent birds came every day outside the bars and helped to nurse and feed the sick one, till he, too, was cured. H. M. R.

[Communicated.]

Hens.

One cold afternoon, on going into my woodshed, I heard a peculiar noise. I had never heard anything like it before; it was a sort of a crooning sound. I found an old hen, which was sick, sitting on the wood-pile and "Shelly," her chicken, which had grown to be as large as the mother, standing over her, with her wings outspread, making this queer noise. I watched them, and pretty soon the old hen went under the young one's wings and she covered her mother.

What was that but filial affection?

I have read of a gentleman who didn't think it beneath him to contribute even to the pleasure of a hen. He said he buried corn in the hen-yard that they might have the pleasure of scratching it up; that it gratified their love of industry, made them contented and they did all the better for it.

Give and Take.

Don't ever go hunting for pleasures,
They cannot be found thus, I know;
Nor yet fall a-digging for treasures,
Unless with the spade and the hoe!

The bee has to work for the honey;
The drone has no right to the food;
And he who has not earned his money
Will get from his money no good.

The ant builds her house by her labor;
The squirrel looks out for his mast;
And he who depends on his neighbor
Will never have friends, first or last.

In short, 'tis no better than thieving,
Though thief is a hard name to call,
Good things to be always receiving,
And never to give back at all.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

A Day with Two Little Birds.

They are named "Hannah Ellen Gordonia" and "Maude Merry Liebling, Bonny Bessie Belle." The latter, being Cousin May's favorite, has almost as many names as her Majesty, Queen Victoria. Maude is very bewitching. Her cage door is always open, and the first thing in the morning she comes shaking and smoothing her dark plumage, and bristling her head-feathers around Cousin May's head,—she being an invalid and on her couch most of the time. After a few circuits Ellen joins her, and they both bid good morning. Then off for the looking-glass: if Cousin May tries to comb her hair, they are wildly jealous; there they stand, perched on a tripod, and look their prettiest until a bit of cracker is held out by Cousin May's hand, when down they both come after it, and kiss and take it from her lips.

In one window hangs a cage with swing and bell, which tinkles very prettily at dinner-time, which is pretty much all the time, for they have everything that is tempting,—spears of green grass, tender little poppy-seed, when they are at all feverish, and lumps of sugar, which they are very fond of. At another window is a new birdhouse, with green blinds and doors and windows invitingly open; red chimneys and a sloping roof painted gray, with stone steps up to the front door that leads into a spacious hall, thence into parlors on either side; and above are rooms of equal size, so that quite a family of birds could be accommodated. The little canaries like it, and look in at the windows and doors with great interest. It is amusing to see them stand on the steps in the doorway and hesitate whether to desert their old-fashioned cage for anything so novel and grand.

When bath time arrives, and just as they are looking longingly at the water, Maude sees Cousin May with needle in hand, and comes hopping round to claim her share of attention. She makes a run at it, and it has to be put aside. Then she sees a gray hair on Cousin May's head, and is all eagerness to get it out, while dear little Ellen is spattering and twisting herself in every direction in her tub, and calling, "Maude, Maude Liebling why don't you come?"

As evening approaches it is often rather hard to get Ellen into her cage. She is such a very little fairy "tweedledum" that sometimes she is found spending the night rolled up on the mantel-shelf over the wood fire. They are certainly a happy pair, and Cousin May is happy, too. M. E.

QUINCY, March, 1875.

A CURIOUS BET has been made by a well known pedestrian and guide of Pau and Nice, who has wagered that within a certain time he will capture a living izard in the Pyrenees, will bring it to Paris, conduct it through the Champs Elysees, and make it mount the Arc de Triomphe without touching it with a switch. The izard is the wildest and most unapproachable animal found in the Pyrenees. It jumps from peak to peak at the greatest heights, and is rarely shot even at the longest range.

John G. Whittier's Parrot.

In common with most men of genius, Mr. Whittier is very fond of pets, and, among these favorites, little animals and birds have their place. It is of one of these household pets that we have a story to tell.

She was a parrot, and belonged to that respectable branch of the parrot family named Polly.

She had the freedom of the house at times, and used to sit on the back of the poet's chair at his meals, and the two sometimes held very profound and confidential conversations together.

Polly, who had been badly brought up, became demure and well-behaved immediately after her adoption; so, for a time, the poet and the parrot were in perfect sympathy.

One Sabbath day, Polly, as the people were going to church, climbed upon the top of the house, and sat on the ridge-pole. It then occurred to her, that, having reached a more exalted sphere of thought and action, she would behave well no more. She had been in bad company before she had fallen in with her new friends, and her memory was very good. So she began to denounce the people going to church in very shocking language. She was doing the poet great scandal, and exciting marked public attention, when her astonished master appeared, and proceeded at once to bring her down from her high position.

One day, Polly succeeded in reaching the house-top again, and began to congratulate herself on the recovery of her former position and freedom. She reached the top of the chimney this time, and was seen tilting up and down and trying her wings, as though preparing to launch out into the air on a long voyage of discovery.

Suddenly, she was gone. Where? No one had noticed which direction she had taken.

The news flew through the village that the parrot had left her home, and become a very stray bird. The children looked for her in the fields, and the farmers in the woods; every one tried to keep ears and eyes open day and night, but nothing of Polly was seen or heard. The poet's house was no longer filled with quiet gladness, for the inmates all pitied the bird when night came on, and imagined that she was far away in the woods, hungry, and out in the cold.

On the third night, they were startled by a sound, as though some evil-disposed intruder had concealed himself in the fireplace. An investigation was determined upon; the fireplace was opened, and lo! "Poor Polly!"

She was a very damaged bird. She had fallen down the chimney when just about to soar to the skies, and landing in a very dark place, probably thought there had been an eclipse of the sun, or that night had come on in some manner not accounted for in her limited astronomy. She maintained silence three days.

Polly's high aspirations were blighted from that hour. She grew silent, and pined away, and died of her bruises and a broken heart.

Her decline was marked with sincere regret, and there was a sorrowful tenderness in her master's tone, as he watched her in these adverse and altered days.

POOR POLLY!—"Hezekiah Butterworth" in *St. Nicholas*.

HORACE GREELEY once wrote of birds as follows:—

If I were to estimate the average absolute loss to the farmers of this country from insects at \$100,000,000 per annum, I should doubtless be far below the mark. I have no doubt that our best allies in this inglorious warfare are the birds. They would serve us if we did not destroy them. The boy who robs a bird's nest is robbing the farmer of a part of his crops. The farmer might as well consent that any strolling ruffian should shoot his horses or cattle as his birds.

The violet grows low and covers itself with its tears, and of all flowers yields the sweetest fragrance. Such is humility.

Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, June, 1875.

A Suggestion for Summer Residents.

In what better way could parties who have weeks of real pleasure in some country town this summer, leave a pleasant record of their enjoyment, than by erecting by the roadside, at some convenient point, a drinking-trough for animals?

It may be made of stone, iron, or wood, and can be readily supplied from a spring or brook on almost any hillside.

If a cup of cold water, bestowed upon a human wayfarer, carries a blessing with it, will not a constantly flowing stream of it, for thirsty animals, be equally benedictive?

Horse Banquet.

The hippophagists of England and France lately had a grand banquet at the Grand Hotel, Paris. Counts, viscounts, a baron, a marquis, a veterinary, a physician, several ladies and several representatives of the press, were present,—sixty persons in all. It was a trial of prejudice against fact. Roasted and fried horse-meat, horse tongues, etc., were on the table. The former had the taste of half venison and half beef, the latter, like the reindeer or ox. The uninitiated found it hard to begin, but the prejudice was removed after the first mouthful.

Americans have not yet ventured upon this in their own country, although a few have partaken when in France.

Penalty for Killing Birds.

Several ladies and gentlemen have called at our office of late to inquire in regard to the law protecting birds. It is, in short, a *fine of ten dollars* for every bird killed or nest disturbed. This includes *every kind of bird*, except hawks, crows, crow-blackbirds and game birds in their season. We hope prosecutions will follow all infractions of the law.

Do people realize how much horses and other animals suffer in summer from exposure to the hot sun, from flies, and from thirst. Ladies and gentlemen, riding for pleasure, too often think only of their own comfort, and forget their faithful animals. Gentlemen taking their horses into the country for the summer should make a personal investigation to ascertain what care they get, and how much the hostler really knows about his duties.

OUR President, Mr. Angell, for the purpose of bringing the subject to the attention of influential persons from all parts of the United States, offers to lecture without charge during the summer, at places of seashore and mountain resort, either in churches on Sundays, or elsewhere on week days; and would be glad to have those interested in the subject notify him of favorable opportunities.

LADY BURDETT COUTTS certifies from personal knowledge that one Parisian milliner uses 40,000 humming-birds every season, and she thinks that at such a rate the species will soon be extinct.

OUR NEW VOLUME commences this month, and it affords an opportunity for new subscribers. We are anxious to increase our list to make the paper self-supporting.

The Centennial.

President Bergh, of the New York society, has made an appeal to the governors of the several States and Territories where no law exists for the prevention of cruelty to animals, to secure the passage of such a law before July, 1876, "in order that the nation's humanity may appear as thorough and complete as its material advancement."

He proposes that "this great work of civilization and humanity shall be suitably represented at the forthcoming Centennial."

It can certainly be shown that no humane work has ever made so rapid progress in this country as that for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

Cruel Slaughtering.

The following picture is doubtless true of some slaughter-houses, although there are many exceptions:—

The animals lift their imploring eyes to the butcher, as if in dumb entreaty for kind treatment; but they do not receive it, and are generally slaughtered in the presence of one another; they snuff the blood-tainted air, and grow unruly in their fright. A shower of kicks and blows assails them. Their horns are broken, their limbs are wrenched and dislocated; the agony of prolonged starvation and protracted thirst is added to their other woes, and in this condition they die, and the fevered, poisonous meat is exposed in our city markets for sale.—*Selected.*

Our agents are especially desired to look into the slaughter-houses in their several localities to see if unnecessary suffering takes place, and to apply a remedy, by persuasion or law, as the circumstances demand.

The Best Reason.

"Because he is old and feeble, and needs the care of his owner," is the reason the advertiser below wants his lost dog. We are grateful to any man who seeks his dog for *that* reason. It is the same feeling which prompts a mother to love best her crippled child:

"*Scotch Terrier Stolen.*—A liberal reward will be given to any one who will notify me of the whereabouts of my dog 'Jeremiah.' He is ten years old, has short ears and tail, and the hair about his head and neck is long and curly. On the back of his neck there are two bright red warts, by which he can be identified. 'Jerry' has been a good dog and family pet for the last seven years, and now that he is old and feeble he needs the care of his owner. If you could understand him, he would thank you to return him to S. T. CUSHING, 96 Waltham Street.

Manchester, N. H.

Mrs. J. J. Pickering and Hon. T. E. O. Marvin, of the Portsmouth Society, have been working very earnestly to establish a society in Manchester, where there is a great need of one. In aid of this, Mr. Angell lectured in the City Hall, May 21, and at the close of the lecture preliminary measures were taken to form a society.

In Portsmouth, and adjacent towns, bound volumes of "Our Dumb Animals" have been distributed in the schools, from which the pupils read selections daily.

HON. DAVID JOY, an ardent friend of our society, died April 5. Although resident at the Isle of Wight, he has always been one of our annual contributors. He was a native of Nantucket, and carried abroad with him the humane ideas which Massachusetts encourages.

A GOOD life hath but a few days, but a good name endureth forever.

Tom Thornton.

It is not often that we name, in our paper, the parties we convict, because we do not mean to entertain personal ill-feeling towards them. We make an exception of the head of this article, because T. T. has been guilty of deliberately training and fighting dogs. As a partner of the well-known Harry Jennings, he conducted a dog-fight many months ago. We arrested him. He was convicted, but got bail and kept out of the State.

But we are glad to say he has been brought back, and has been sentenced to the House of Correction for one year.

There is no cruelty to animals more detestable than fighting dogs. It is a cool, money-making, brutal amusement. There is no excuse of "loss of temper"; no argument that the animal was "balky," or "ugly"; no act of "necessity or mercy"; no "thoughtlessness"; but a miserable, disgusting, brutal exhibition, which not only causes terrible suffering to the animals engaged, but creates and encourages a bloodthirsty spirit in all who witness it. Hence we rejoice whenever dog-fighters are severely punished.

Harry Jennings will probably not return to Massachusetts, lest he receive the same penalty.

Abuse under the Bird Law.

The statute protecting birds and their nests permits city and town governments to grant licenses to persons to kill insect-eating birds for "scientific purposes." This permission is outrageously abused, as appears by the following from a correspondent of the "Traveller."

"In a town near Boston, two eminently scientific gentlemen, aged respectively 14 and 18 years, applied to the selectmen for permission for this privilege. Acting upon this special permission under the statute, these embryo naturalists have occupied the morning hours, before breakfast, in shooting robins. They have a dissecting-room handy, the presiding genius being the family cook, and the principal instrument used, the grid-iron or broiler. This is the mating season for birds, and what is there more delightful to hear than the early morning and late evening song of the robin, and yet these cruel youngsters, under protection of a statute, are allowed to go out in the early morning, when the robin is calling his mate, and shoot the one or the other, for 'scientific purposes.'"

Another correspondent of the same paper, commenting on the above, says:—

"What constitutes scientific purposes? Is it for boys to prowl through the fields and woods, inspect every tree and bush, commencing at the first sign of building, mark every nest, watch it closely until eggs are laid, and then rob it (and in some cases take nest also), and at the end of the season compare notes and see who is the champion robber?"

"If this is necessary for the advancement of science, I think the sooner that becomes one of the 'lost arts' the better, while we endeavor to awaken those feelings which will insure protection to the feathered tribe and the whole brute creation."

We doubt not that many abuses of this kind exist, and we trust our boards of selectmen and mayor and aldermen will be quite sure that parties applying for this license really want it for scientific purposes. Any person killing a robin, or any other insect-eating bird, except crows, crow-blackbirds, etc., or taking the eggs of any such birds without license is liable to a fine of ten dollars for each offence.

Who Shall Own Pets.

An earnest friend wants "a law passed that no one shall be allowed to own pets for their own selfish gratification until they make themselves acquainted with their habits and necessities, and agree to make them happy in their captivity."

There ought to be a law in every human heart that would produce this result; but, unfortunately, mankind are only in the primary school, so far as information about their duty to animals is concerned. But humane education goes forward!

Sport in Pigeon Shooting.

It would be a useful thing, and a high step in human advancement, if people would comprehend what sport is, and what cruelty is, and that no true sport can allow or tolerate cruelty in it.

Sport is that which *diverts and makes merry*, and yet we read that a few days ago the "Amateur Pigeon Shooting Club" assembled at Harbor View, and out of twenty-five dozen pigeons carried out to the ground, only eighteen dozen pigeons were brought back dead, while the other seven dozen were, some few of them perhaps, fortunate enough to escape unhurt, and the rest wounded to such a degree as to allow their escape from the grounds, but yet to entail upon them a lingering and painful death, directly from their wounds perhaps, or worse still, from being so maimed as to prevent locomotion and so kill them by starvation.

Surely, intelligent persons with even a tolerable allowance of kindness in their nature, cannot find merry-making a diversion in such shooting, if they would only look at it from the proper standpoint.

Let all such study what sport is, and what cruelty is, and surely we will have much less wanton destruction of animals, and vastly less maiming and prolonged suffering entailed upon tame pigeons under the pretext of sport.

Let those who insist that such a cruel diversion as pigeon shooting is sport, be taught by our courts what great errors they are committing.—*Animals' Friend.*

Abattoirs in New York.

The number of hogs slaughtered during the busy season in New York amounts to five thousand or six thousand daily. It seems strange that these animals should be brought great distances from the interior to be killed here, instead of being killed in the interior and sent to this port already prepared for shipment. Nevertheless, such is the case; and the interests directly or indirectly connected with the business involve, it is said, a trade of \$100,000,000 annually, which, of course, the city cannot afford to lose.

In view of all the circumstances, the butchers of the city, acting under the advice of the Board of Health, have decided to unite in the erection of large abattoirs, where all their slaughtering can be done. One such establishment, called the Union Stock Yard is already in operation, though the buildings are not yet finished. The owners of the Manhattan Market, at the foot of 34th Street, N. R., have expended a large amount in preparing that building for the purposes of an abattoir.

Children Witness Slaughtering.

When Mr. Bergh undertook, a short time ago, a tour of inspection through the New York slaughter-houses, the most shocking thing he saw was, not the display of needless cruelty to animals, brutal as that was, but the crowds of school children of all ages, and well dressed and elegant men and women, who regularly collected to witness the slaughter of animals. Barnum would get his money back if he put it into a gladiatorial show in New York, to-day.—*Springfield Union.*

THE carp (a fish) lives sometimes to be one hundred and fifty years old. Some insects of certain species live but an hour.

CASES INVESTIGATED

BY OFFICE AGENTS IN MAY.

Whole number of complaints, 170; viz., Overworking, 4; Over-driving, 5; overloading, 3; beating, 6; driving when lame and galled, 43; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 19; driving when diseased, 10; abandoning, 3; torturing, 10; cruelty in transportation, 9; defective streets, 1; general cruelty, 57. Remedied without prosecution, 71; letters of warning issued, 26; not substantiated, 49; not found, 6; under investigation, 6; prosecuted, 12; convicted, 12; pending, 1.

Animals killed, 46; temporarily taken from work, 57.

FINES.

From Justices' Courts.—Dedham (paid at House of Correction), \$15; Canton, \$3; Brookfield, \$5. District Courts.—First Bristol, \$5; First Essex, \$10; First Eastern Middlesex, \$20; Central Worcester, \$20. Juvenile Offenders.—Worcester, \$20. Witnes fees, \$5.50.

Improved Cattle Transportation.

The steamship "Finisterre," sent by a party of English capitalists who have lately gone into the business of importing American cattle and horses, is thus described. She is an iron ship of about eight or nine hundred tons burden; length, two hundred and fifty feet; breadth of beam, twenty-eight feet. She was built originally for the cattle trade, and was for a long time engaged in transporting live stock from Spain and Portugal to England. Her conveniences for ventilation are thorough and ample, and provision has been made for carrying a large quantity of fresh water. She can stow away, in addition to forage for the trip, no small amount of general merchandise. The plan of transporting live-stock by stalls constructed on the principle of the Relf patent is a new feature. The securing of every beast in a stall by itself, supported by the net belly-band, will prevent the high rate of mortality and the breaking of limbs caused by the oscillating motion of the vessel, where live-stock is carried on the old plan of huddling them together, twelve to one inclosure. Protected by the net band, it will be impossible for animals to fall although they may lose their footing by a sudden lurch of the vessel. It is thought that the estimate of deaths will not exceed six per cent. of any shipment of stock transported across the Atlantic in stalls of the Relf patent, whereas by the old plan, according to the reports of the American cattle markets, no less than twenty-five per cent. of a shipment was the loss usually sustained.

Soliloquy of a Husband.

[His wife gave her whole time to the Fair of Our Dumb Animals.]

I wish I were a brute,
A dog or some such creature,—
The kind, you know, that's mute,
And rather mixed in feature.
I wish I were a cat,—
I'd even be a calf,—
If only, only that
Would suit my better half.
This, my soliloquy,
She hears, and gives me joy,—
"You're calf enough for me,
So don't be foolish, boy."

N.

The Carnival in Naples.

The whole performance winds up with a horse-race, or did until two years since, when half a dozen poor animals were tortured throughout the mile of the Corso, with harness lined with spikes which strike the deeper into the flesh the harder they are run, until spurred to excessive efforts by such refinement of cruelty, and by the yells and shrieks and blows of the excited populace, they often dropped dead at the end of their course, if, indeed, they lived to reach it.—*Correspondence Newton Republican.*

TRUTH is violated by falsehood, and it may be equally outraged by silence.

The expression of truth is simplicity.—*Seneca.*

The greatest friend of truth is time: her greatest enemy is prejudice; and her constant companion is humility.—*Colton.*

RECEIPTS BY THE SOCIETY LAST MONTH.

[All sums of money received by the Society during the past month appear in this column, with the names, so far as known, of the persons giving or paying the same. If remittances of payments to us or our agents are not acknowledged in this column, parties will please notify the Secretary at once; in which case they will be acknowledged in the next paper. Donors are requested to send names or initials with their donations.]

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Perley King, \$10; Jonathan Ellis, \$10; Miss S. E. Farley, \$10; E. W. Willard, \$5; Mrs. Christopher T. Thayer, \$5; Mrs. Geo. L. Chaney, \$5; S. Griffiths Morgan, \$5; Mrs. Shirley Erving, \$5; Helen Porter, \$5; William Taylor, \$5; Mrs. Chas. S. Rogers, \$1; Henry T. Rogers, \$1; Maria V. Rogers, \$1; Francis J. Nash, \$1; Charles Merriam, \$1; Miss A. Wadman, 60 cents.

SUBSCRIBERS, ONE DOLLAR EACH.

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Sargent, 50 cts.; H. C. Welch, 50 cts.; A. A. Woolson, 25 cts.; Mrs. E. C. Stevens, 25 cts.; English Magazine, F. W. Howland, 60 cts.

Some one remitted \$1 for subscription, and neglected to give an address. We shall be glad to receive it.

At the convention of the Wisconsin Dairymen's Association lately held in Fort Atkinson, among noteworthy remarks was one by W. C. White of Kenosha, whose dairy is long established, large and profitable. He started applause and touched an important truth by stating that he "always speaks to a cow as he would to a lady."

Children's Department.

The Wilful Donkey.

Here we have a donkey harnessed, and his driver seems ready to go, but, perhaps, the donkey is not. Then his driver will have to wait; for was a donkey ever known to do anything that he had made up his mind *not* to do?

This is the annoying trait in a donkey's character, and sometimes it makes a good deal of trouble.

And this same trait makes much trouble in the human family. When children make up their minds that a certain way is the best way for things to be done, and that others must give way to their ideas, everything would work very smoothly, if others had not made up *their* minds, just as firmly, that an opposite course would be better.

Yet, after all, this "won't give up" spirit is a most excellent thing, and, like other good things, bad only when put to wrong uses.

We need this power to help us to say "no," and stand by it when urged to a wrong course.

And when we know we are right, we need it to hold us firmly on the track.

This is the spirit that has held up all reforms, and pushed them on to make the world better. It is the same spirit that has helped on discoveries and inventions.

When Columbus knows that there is a western world for him to find, this "won't give up" element in his character builds his ships and drives them over the unknown ocean, in spite of winds, waves, and the opposition of his men.

Steam finds a master of unbending will in George Stephenson, and the world has the locomotive and the railway. So let us cultivate this trait of character, taking care that it does not work out any selfish and wrong purposes, but only right and noble ones.

A Little Deed, but a Good One.

Little Ellie found a thirsty flower by the side of her path. She thought it needed water, and so she went with a big pitcher, and poured a little stream gently upon it. It was a very little thing to do, and yet it was a very good thing. If the flower had not had some water it might have drooped and died, but when the water fell upon it, it revived and grew, and all summer long it sent out sweet perfume and showed bright blossoms that pleased everybody who looked at it.

A great many good deeds are just as simple as this. It is the kind words and bright smiles that make people happy often. They are worth more, sometimes, than great speeches or rich gifts, and any little boy or girl can give them.—*Apples of Gold.*

THE WILFUL DONKEY.

*Whom we can Trust.*

BY MISS M. E. SERVOS.

Shall I tell you what boy or what girl you can trust?
 'Tis the one who'd not trample a worm in the dust;
 And who'll not to God's creatures give one needless pain,
 No matter what pleasure, no matter what gain.
 'Tis the girl whose kind heart is so tender and true
 She'd not throw an old friendship away for a new;
 And the boy who is truthful, and manly, and just;
 These, then, are the children one always may trust.
 In the boy who is cruel, a coward you'll find,
 Who will always be selfish, and rough and unkind,
 So forget not God's creatures, be kind to them all;
 Remember who notes even one sparrow's fall.

—*Humane Journal.*

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

A True Robin Story.

Several years ago we were passing the summer in the country, when one day a boy came to our door, with a young robin to sell. The poor little thing looked so miserable and helpless, that out of pure compassion, we bought the bird, and put it into a cage to keep it out of the way of cats, intending so soon as it should be able to fly, to let it loose. It was in the helpless condition that young birds are, before they can fly, just able to hop about. It ate a little, but seemed drooping and melancholy, and no doubt missed the "diet of worms," which its parents had hitherto provided for it. After we had had it two or three days, we concluded it would be better to let it take a flying lesson, if it could, though it had no parent to teach it, and must depend on its own instincts. Accordingly, the cage was placed outside upon the terrace, with the door open, and we watched to see what Robby would do, but almost before he had time to do anything, what should we see but a large robin lighting upon the terrace at some distance from the cage, and then

after some consideration advancing cautiously towards it. There seemed to be some communication between the birds, for the little one presently hopped out, and then the old one began to fly a very short distance, waiting for the little one to come with it, and then starting again for another short fly. Robby seemed very awkward at first, but improved perceptibly after a few attempts. We supposed that that was the last we should see of him, but, when afternoon came, he returned to his cage, strange to say, and the old bird departed. The following day the cage was again placed outside, and the old robin made its appearance again, and gave Robby another lesson in rather longer flights, but he was not yet able to get as high as the boughs of the trees, and he returned to his cage in the afternoon. The next day, and the next, the same thing occurred, the flights becoming longer and bolder. We christened the old bird the Robin's aunt, for it was evidently supplying the mother's place, and ought to have been a blood-relation, if it were not.

At last, one bright day, Robby's education being completed, I suppose, he flew away with his aunt, and was seen no more, and we could only send our best wishes after him and his benevolent protectress.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN, walking one day with his secretary, stopped at a little shrub, and looked into it; then stooped, and put his hand down through the twigs and leaves, as if to take something out. His secretary said to him, "What do you find there, Mr. Lincoln?" "Why," said he, "here is a little bird fallen from its nest, and I'm trying to put it back again."—*Church Union.*

THE child who tyrannizes over his dog, will be a tyrant in his family, in his country.—*Pythagoras.*

"Evil is wrought
 By want of thought,
 As well as want of heart."

The Army of Bird Defenders.

In December, 1873, C. C. Haskins published in the "St. Nicholas" an article as follows:—

My Dear Children: I have been thinking for a long time of writing a plea for a large family of our friends who are wantonly destroyed and abused by impulsive persons without good reason, and very often thoughtlessly. These friends are constantly at work for our good, and are doing much to cheer and enliven our every-day lives. If they were suddenly exterminated we should sadly miss them and regret their absence. They are the birds—all of them—from the eagle and the vulture down to the tiniest humming-bird that pokes its little needle bill into the depths of our delicate flowers, and makes an ample dinner on less than a drop of honey. "St. Nicholas" and I have had some correspondence on the subject of the abuse of birds, and we have devised a plan for their protection. How do you think we propose doing this? We are going to raise an army of defence, without guns, and carry war right into the enemy's camp. We shall use example and argument and facts, instead of powder, and we must try to carry on the war until we conquer, and the birds have perfect peace.

Before we can do much, we must drum up our volunteers. We want all the boys, and the girls also, to form themselves into companies. But if any of the good fathers and mothers desire to join our young folks' army, we shall be heartily glad to have them do so.

He then goes on to show how valuable birds are by destroying insects, how beautiful they are, and how deserving of affection and protection, and concludes as follows:—

As a basis on which to commence work, let us adopt the following preamble and resolution:

Whereas, We, the youth of America, believing that the wanton destruction of wild birds is not only cruel and unwarranted, but is unnecessary, wrong, and productive of mischief to vegetation as well as morals; therefore,

Resolved, That we severally pledge ourselves to abstain from all such practices as shall tend to the destruction of wild birds; that we will use our best endeavors to induce others to do likewise, and that we will advocate the rights of birds at all proper times, encourage confidence in them, and recognize in them creations of the great Father, for the joy and good of mankind.

Now, little folks, there is a starting-point; send in your names.

In the June number of "St. Nicholas" there are published *three thousand names* upon the "grand muster-roll" of bird defenders. The commander-in-chief issues the following:—

GENERAL ORDER, No. 1.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF BIRD DEFENDERS, }
IN THE FIELD.

To the Gallant Volunteers of the Grand Army:

The general-in-chief congratulates the grand army. But little over one year ago the first proclamation was issued, calling for volunteers in defence of our feathered friends. Nobly have you responded to the call. The avowed enemies of bird persecution, torture and murder have enrolled themselves under the defenders' banner, from all parts of our own country, and from distant climes. We may well be proud of our work, but more is to be done.

Comrades and fellow-soldiers, the spring campaign is opened. In every thicket the enemy is skulking, in every field he is marching upon our flanks. Be alert, be active, to dissuade him from his designs. Fire at him with pleadings, with argument, with philosophy. Treasure up scraps of information on the usefulness, the wisdom, and the ingenuity of the little birds, and shoot them at him as if they were shot and shell and grape. Stand steadfast in the cause of justice and right and mercy, and save the birds by all lawful and proper effort. Our allies are aiding us. During

the past winter the legislatures of several of the States have discussed the question of bird protection, and some of these have already passed laws in their behalf.

Let every soldier in the grand army aid in filling the ranks with volunteers. Form new squads and companies and regiments, and report to "St. Nicholas" at once. The pheasant is drumming, and the larks and quails are filing; whole regimental bands are calling for recruits. Rally! rally! and victory must perch on our banner.

By order of

C. C. HASKINS, *Commander-in-Chief.*

We notice but few Massachusetts names in the list, but we hope if they do not enlist in this particular corps, they will be found volunteers in defending birds and their nests.

A Hero.

A correspondent writes to one of the New York papers: "None of the reports which I have seen of the sinking of the scow by the Hartford steamer mention by name the hero who rescued Mrs. Costa. That hero was the Newfoundland dog. A gentleman who observed the whole occurrence from the upper deck of the steamer gives the account as follows: 'After the scow capsized, a Newfoundland dog rose beside it, shook the water from his head and shoulders and surveyed the scene. He seemed to comprehend the situation at a glance, immediately dived under the scow, and a moment afterward emerged on the other side with the insensible form of his mistress, held up by his teeth. He sustained her until a man in a boat took hold of her, when, 'as quick as a flash,' the noble dog dived under the scow again and was gone fully two minutes, when he came up for air and dived again, both times unsuccessfully. He then started to swim to the boat into which the woman had been taken, and after getting about half way seemed to hesitate, stopped, returned to the wreck and dived once more in a last desperate effort to recover the children. This proving unsuccessful, he swam away, and I lost sight of him.' My informant says he will never forget that noble dog as long as he lives; and I am unwilling that any of the human race should get any of the glory that belongs to that dog."

In the deed,

The unequivocal authentic deed,

We find sound argument, we read the heart.

—*Couper.*

Geraniums and Snakes.

It is said that every species of snake may be permanently driven away from an infested place by planting geraniums. In South Africa the Caffir people thus rid their premises of snakes. A missionary in South Africa had his parsonage surrounded by a narrow belt of geraniums, which effectually protected the residence from any kind of snake. A few yards away from this geranium belt a snake would occasionally be found. It is well known that the whole geranium class is highly redolent of volatile oils,—lemon scented, musk scented, and peppermint scented. What, therefore, is a very pleasant nosegay for a man is repugnant to the serpent tribe.

A Rabbit's Curious House.

I have often heard of rabbits rearing their young in strange places, but the following fact seems to me to be most extraordinary. An official on the London and Northwestern Railway, had constantly noticed a rabbit passing to and fro on the permanent way. Curious to know where it came from, he examined the locality, and discovered beneath a "railway sleeper" a nest of four young rabbits. He afterwards discovered that whenever the parent rabbit left her young she carefully closed the aperture with sand and small stones. During the day some dozens of trains, often heavily laden, passed over this identical sleeper.—*Children's Friend.*

Stable and Farm.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Clipping Horses.

I am sorry to see that in your April number you copy from an exchange an article justifying this practice. I have recently had some severe experience on this subject. I have always been opposed to clipping, as a cruel practice, but it chanced that in the early part of the past winter I was looking out to purchase a horse, and finding one that suited me, I purchased him, although he had been recently clipped.

The horse was seven years old, strong built, and a very fine and handsome animal. Within two weeks he was attacked with inflammatory rheumatism, of which he very nearly died; and now, at the expiration of five months, he is not entirely well. He will be always liable to returns, and, therefore, half his value is destroyed; add to which the expense for a veterinary surgeon in constant attendance and the loss of his work during over a third of a year. So that that clipping involved a loss of several hundred dollars, a vast deal of suffering to the poor beast, and much vexation to his owner. I should say that he had been always well cared for, and that other horses in the same stable were perfectly well all winter.

Other similar cases have come to my knowledge, and I think that no man who is not prepared to strip off his own clothes and go naked in winter, should condemn his horse to that treatment. L.

Perhaps there is no subject upon which men more widely differ than this matter of clipping. It has been freely discussed in our paper in the past. Our own experience does not accord with our correspondent's, but we can see how he and many others view it. But we insist that, if clipped, horses must be especially well cared for.—Ed.

[Correspondence.]

A Cruel Check-Rein.

I always find the greatest obstinacy, in regard to check-reins, among those owning elegant turn-outs; who think much of what they call style. If we could make the raising up of horse's heads unfashionable! Lately, I have been much puzzled on observing that many of the horses (belonging to private carriages) carried their heads most unnaturally high, and had every appearance of being in suffering, and yet I could see no shortened check-rein. This circumstance troubled me so much that I have been making inquiries and investigations.

Within the past year there has been a *new* invention patented—invented somewhere at the West—more cruel even than the short check-rein. I have not learned its name yet, and can only give you an imperfect description, as I am not versed in the right terms; but there are reins connected with the bit, which pass over the horse's head, and are there attached to a rein which is concealed under the horse's mane. This rein is attached to some part of the harness, and the poor animals' heads "are more thoroughly checked up than with a short check-rein! In fact, they cannot even move their head up or down, or relieve their position one atom. To think of new cruelties when we thought humanity was spreading! Possibly this new instrument of torture has not reached Boston." G.

Yes, we fear it has, and it is called the "Hog Check," as if to give a disagreeable name to a cruel invention. It mortifies us to see intelligent men adopting it.—Ed.

BE GENTLE TO COWS.—One speaker at a Maine agricultural meeting confessed that he "used to chase the creatures around the barn with a pitchfork, and thought the devil was in the cows; but he discovered by treating them kindly that the devil was in himself instead."

From "Manchester (N. H.) Dispatch."

A State Humane Society for New Hampshire.

Judging from the spirit of your paper, I suppose you would advocate the rights of dumb animals. If I am posted, there are but two societies in this State, and one of them can hardly be claimed a "being," for we did so little active work after its organization, that our minds were not deeply impressed, and but little has been accomplished. What we need is a parent society, a *State Society* to lead off. I would respectfully suggest that the friends of the cause in your city consult together, decide upon the day, and issue a call for the organization of a State Society. We need its influences, as a check upon the old, and its educational influences upon the young. No child should grow up with a cruel heart. They make bad men. We have too many of them now. Let us strike a blow against cruelty to animals and help humanity.

Yours for advancing,

Z. BREED.

WEARE, May 17, 1875.

[We had also believed until recently that there were but two societies of this nature in the State, but we see in the last number of "Our Dumb Animals" the names of four societies: Portsmouth, organized Dec., 1872; Weare, Dec. 23, 1873; Concord, June 1, 1874; and Plymouth, Oct. 12, 1874. These societies, widely scattered, after a little local excitement, are apt to die out or become inactive through apathy,—not because there is no work to do, but because the *new* has worn off, and the meetings begin to be thinly attended, finally ceasing altogether. A union of these local societies into a State Society, with headquarters centrally located, is the step now needed to infuse new life into this reform, and put it on the same footing that it stands in other States.

We hope to see a move made in this direction the coming summer.—Eds.]

Never a truer word spoken. New Hampshire will never be thoroughly "cultivated" till a State Society is formed. Local societies may be ever so active, but they do not reach one-fourth of the people. The legislature now in session should be asked to incorporate a State Society.—Ed. O. D. A.

A Voice from Michigan.

What a vast amount of cruelty both horses and oxen are subject to in the lumber woods of this region every winter; and hundreds of horses and oxen die from cruelty and improper treatment; and this is due in a great measure to their owners, who appear more anxious for getting out a large amount of logs than for the welfare of their beasts. All of this is morally wrong, and we think if any reasoning person will stop to consider, they will see the matter in its true light.—*Farwell (Mich.) Register.*

And yet the society in Michigan is virtually dead, and we hear of no action in any part of the State to prevent cruelty to animals. Is there no man or woman in the State who will move in this matter? We will help, if appealed to; but the work must commence at home. Let us hope Michigan will soon join the other States.

A Society Needed in Nova Scotia.

In a previous issue we took the railway department to task for cruelty to animals, but we are pained to find that the fault, to a great extent, lies with the consignors. At this station a few days ago we saw lambs, certainly not a month old, with their legs tied so tightly that they were apparently insensible; in which condition they had been for some hours. Can nothing be done by our public authorities to remedy this evil? The law in regard to this matter is very stringent. Let us have a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.—*Truro (N. S.) Sun.*

Who will move in this matter? Send to us for documents.—Ed.

Cruelty to Animals in Vermont.

A disgraceful affair occurred on Pine Street, St. Albans, on Tuesday. A teamster, named Pelkey, was drawing a load of slab wood, and, as he was coming towards the house, one of the horses got his foot over the tongue and fell to the ground. After unhitching the horse that was standing from the wagon, Charles Minor took one of the tugs and commenced to beat the horse that was lying on the ground in a most inhuman manner. In this he was encouraged by Pelkey, the owner of the horse. The cries of the poor beast attracted a large number of the men employed in the railroad shops, and others. Minor, after getting tired of beating the horse, slunk off into his yard, and, after a while, the poor beast succeeded in getting on to its feet. Had there been a policeman at hand, Minor and Pelkey would have had a chance to appear before Justice Farnsworth to answer for their barbarity.—*St. Albans Messenger.*

And yet in this State there is no society and no action to prevent cruelty to animals, as far as we know. After two or three years' trial, and distributing our paper and other documents in the legislature, we induced some friends to get a law through, after taking out the railroad transportation section, but nothing has been done since.

Will not some one move to organize a State Society? Vermont and Connecticut are the only inactive States in our work in New England.

A Hint to Selectmen.

No one, as a non-resident, can drive through many sections of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont, without being struck—if not troubled and annoyed—by the very great neglect on the part of city and town authorities, with reference to the so-called guide-boards, originally put up to guide the stranger; a great need, and, if in order, a very great convenience.

In some sections an almost entire indifference and neglect is plainly evident; boards dilapidated, letters and figures faded or entirely washed away, and many of no more assistance as a guide to the traveller than pieces of plain board would be.

A Cow Sliding Down Hill.

And here is the first demonstration, I may say, it was ever in my power to witness in cowology—a cow "coasting" down hill. The barn stood upon a hill, at the foot of which the cattle had been accustomed to go for drink. But last Monday morning the hill was covered with ice, and the boy placed a tub of water near the barn-door and let out the cow, supposing she would slake her thirst from that tub. The cow, however, started off for her old place at the foot of the hill, and, finding herself slipping, she squatted upon her haunches like a dog, and, bracing her feet in front, she slid a distance of twenty feet to the bottom; and, as she brought up of a sudden, she recovered her hind feet and looked around as if to see "what had happened."—*Corr. Boston Globe.*

Even Swine Have Presence of Mind.

A very curious incident occurred recently in Terre Haute, Ind., by which a hog took a free ride across the river bridge. A freight train was approaching the city, when a hog was seen on the track at the west end of the bridge. It did not get out of the way soon enough, and the pilot of the engine struck it. Instead of knocking it off, however, the sloping from the pilot caught his porkship and rolled him right upon the little platform in front of the boiler. There he rose up and sat looking around, and was by this time out over the bare ties, where if he had jumped off he would have gone down into the water. He evidently saw this, for he remained on the engine and rode all the way across the bridge. When the engine arrived on this side, the hog sprang nimbly off upon the platform and after grunting its satisfaction at its narrow escape, it moved off.

Veterinary Studies in Medical Schools.

Mr. Colman, a learned writer on Agriculture, once said:—

"Humanity calls upon us, to alleviate suffering, wherever suffering exists. I wish that veterinary instruction was connected with all our medical schools, and made an indispensable branch of study. We try all kinds of experiments upon these helpless animals, for the benefit of science, and science should do something to repay the debt, by attempting, in every practicable form, to alleviate the sufferings of the race. In the country, a medical practitioner, who would add veterinary skill and practice to his other services, would confer immense benefits. It is lamentable that, by a false standard of moral duty, such an attempt should be thought degrading. In many cases it might subject him to painful and thankless services; but the life of every benevolent physician is full of such services, and he has only to thank God that he has the power of doing so much good, often at so little cost. So far from such a practice being degrading, the physician who would be willing to render such services, would be worthy of double honor; for the more humble, the meaner, the more friendless the sufferer, proportionably is the glory of the kindness enhanced. There is no reason, however, why such services should be gratuitous, and in many situations it would form a profitable branch of business."

Birds in Nebraska.

It is a noticeable fact that as the birds decrease, the insect world advances in numbers. Nature, if left to herself, establishes a balance among her creatures; that is, she produces no more of one species than is kept in check by another. If man interferes with the working of this law, disastrous results are sure to follow.

If he destroys the birds, the insects increase and destroy his crops. Like the human family, there are, among birds, some bad ones, who destroy our fruits, rob our vineyards, and murder the smaller insect-eating species; but these should not condemn the rest.

I have noticed that during the past two years there has been an increase of birds as groves of timber are planted;—more wood-peckers, seeking for insects under dead bark, and robins hunting for worms in the garden; king-birds seeking winged game, and the industrious house-bird, the wren, which will destroy its own weight of insects daily.

I trust every farmer in the State will imitate the example of a member of this society, Judge Mason, of Nebraska City, in putting bird-boxes in his orchard. They cost but little, and aside from the insects destroyed, the home surroundings are made joyous with music.

I care not who the man is who has commenced life on the prairie bare of trees, but will enjoy the music of birds in groves of his own planting. God has implanted in his very soul, a capability of enjoyment from nature's own sources.—*From an address of J. T. Allen, Omaha, Neb.*

Cruelty on Stock Trains.

Live-stock trains at times arrive here that have been from two to three days without feed or water, and reloaded here within one to two hours for New York, making from four and a half to five days without rest, feed or water, except such as they get during the one or two hours while here. Comment upon such cruel treatment is unnecessary, to say nothing of the unsound meats for human food.—*From our Pittsburg Correspondent.*

Vivisection.

No fewer than twenty heads of colleges connected with Oxford and Cambridge universities have signed a memorial to the British parliament in favor of the restriction of the practice of vivisection. Already twenty-five petitions to the same effect, and very largely signed, have been presented to the House of Commons.

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